

Good Morning 285

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A.B. Barney Edington —Winifred Writes a Letter

AND, Barney, the letter is to say that Winifred's by no means near the silk-stockings stage.

For when we called on your folk, Bernard, at 43 Ringstone Crescent, Nelson, Lancs, we found that you'd written saying your sister would be in silken hose when next you come sailing home.

But, far from wearing silk stockings, 11-year-old Winifred had a pair of clogs!

No common, ordinary clogs, mind you. Maybe you haven't seen the new "industrial clog," Black, with chromium studs, they are.

And the reason? Although your sister would rather have a shoe worthy of a "Cinderella at the ball," shoes (and coupons) are scarce. It takes

seven coupons for shoes, and only three for clogs.

So not yet awhile will your prophecy come true—not while you have to give coupons for shoes, anyhow...

Meanwhile, all's well at home. On January 23rd they held a triple celebration. Your uncle Edward was home on leave from the Navy, and it was his birthday. It was the 24th anniversary of your parents' wedding. And also your father's birthday.

And so, obviously, the toast was to the silver wedding next year—when "we hope you'll be home to help celebrate it."

HOME TOWN NEWS

"HOTEL LA ASTOR."

LADY ASTOR was leaving her house on Plymouth Hoe when she met an American soldier who had drunk too much.

Discovering that he hailed from her home State of Virginia, she "dragged" him into her drawing-room, put him in an armchair, and told him to stay there until she got back.

While she was out, Lord Astor went into the room and found the Doughboy asleep. Then the American opened his eyes and said:

"Where am I? Can I get a drink in this hotel?"

"TWO STOOGES."

LIEUT.-CDR. W. G. H. BOLTON, R.N.R., and Lieut. W. G. Tooley-Hawkins, R.N.R., both live at Crownhill, Plymouth.

Yet they never met until 18 months ago, when their corvettes tied up side by side at a North Country Port. Chance conversation showed they were "neighbours" in more senses than one.

They have been such inseparables since that their crews dubbed them affectionately the "Two Stooges." It's a small world.

BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

WALKING the streets of Cardiff are three volunteer special constables whose ages aggregate 226 years! Stout boys, each and all the lot!

There is 84-year-old E. Robinson, who spends most of his duty shepherding the kiddies across dangerous roads as they emerge from school. He was a sergeant in the Specials in the last war. Then there is 67-year-old Constable S. Ray, with 2,000 hours' duty to his credit; and W. Coutts, aged 75, with 1,000 hours.

J. M. Michaelson says

YOU CAN BE MADE OUTLAW

THE sentence of outlawry passed in the High Court at Glasgow not long ago is a reminder that although this ancient offence is now obsolete in England, it still remains on the Statute Book of Scotland.

Outlawry means that the offender is no longer protected by the law, and is applied to a person who has absconded, disappeared, and failed to appear to plead to the indictment on the day of his trial.

In England it was abolished in civil proceedings sixty years ago, and its application in criminal proceedings is now generally unnecessary because of extradition treaties.

Outlawry was no light matter in the olden days. He had no legal rights, could not sue anyone or seek the protection of the authorities for himself, and he lost all his friends, because if they gave him help in any form they became liable to the same sentence.

ARE YOU A CRIMINAL?

For this reason, it was useful in securing respect for the law at a time when men could, metaphorically, put their fingers to their nose to a court more easily than they can do to-day.

It is only one of a number of ancient and quaintly named offences which we may commit, perhaps without knowing it.

In Scotland they have "Plagium," which is more or less child-kidnapping under an older name.

"Hamesucken" and "Stouthief" are both concerned with special kinds of house-breaking.

In the first, the entering must be followed by violent assault on the occupier, and in the latter violence is used to overcome resistance to attacking. Another crime in Scotland is "lese-making," which is roughly, slander of the King in a personal way.

In England we hear the expression "assault and battery," and perhaps wonder what is the difference between them. In assault, the blow need not have got home or done any injury. In battery, there must be injury, however small.

Battery is therefore more than assault, which may only amount to an unsuccessful attempt at battery.

Mayhem is another oddly named crime which human

FEMALE RULE.

EDINBURGH is a woman's city, said Lord Provost Sir William Y. Darling when he welcomed delegates to the annual conference of Scottish Women Workers who are members of trade unions. There are more women than men in the Scottish capital, and there are more women in the Town Council than in any other city in Scotland.

That's true, but there is no sign that in future Edinburgh women will put "their foot down" so decisively as the women of Aberdeen. It has just been discovered in the Granite City that schoolgirls have, on an average, bigger feet than boys, judging by the demand for extra coupons for school children with big feet. In one school, eighty girls qualified for coupons, against twelve boys.

At another school the figures were ten girls and no boys; and at a third, four girls, but no boys. "It seems," said a teacher, "Aberdeen is supplying policewomen to the world, but no policemen."

I GET AROUND-

Ron Richards'
COLUMN

WHAT has war done to Devil's Island, the infamous French penal settlement? The question is answered by Rene Belbenoit, noted French writer, who escaped from the convict-hell and was engaged by Warner Bros. to supervise technical details of "Passage to Mar-selles."

"As a result of the war, Devil's Island will cease to exist in fact, and will continue only in fiction and on the screen," says M. Belbenoit. "It took the first step on its way out when it went under the control of the De Gaulle-Giraud forces."

"No new prisoners have gone there since the fall of France. Those who are there have suffered greatly from lack of food. The death rate, always high, has mounted. Immediately after the war the French people, who hate Devil's Island, will make their will felt."

Conservative elements in the old French Senate, who always blocked efforts to abolish it,

will no longer be a part of the French picture. On that day Devil's Island will join all the other barbarisms of the past."

Would he by any chance be including the glass-house?

A MONG a series of

"watch your watch" hints now being issued by the National Jewellers' Association to the general public, in an endeavour to lessen the half-million repair jobs now waiting their turn at watchmakers' premises throughout the country, is the advice that you should not leave your watch on a cold slab when you work.

Other repair-saving suggestions compiled by experts of the association say:-

Don't be inquisitive and open up your timepiece to have a look at the works;

Make sure that the case fits tightly and does not allow dust to percolate;

Wind your watch regularly at the same time every morning;

Try and get the face glass replaced at once if it is cracked.

A DUCK that came from Colorado to join a company of American Engineers soon became so popular with the men that they made him a red jacket and a cap of red and white.

When other mascots—a dog, three hens and a goat—came along, Donald was made their sergeant. But now he is just one more white duck on a lake in Kew Gardens.



His is a story of tragedy; if you can take it, read on.

Donald followed the men everywhere at his station. He became a confirmed beer-drinker, and expected a daily ration of beer-soaked bread.

Alas, the C.O. decided that Donald's behaviour fell far short of Army standards, and told the men they must get rid of him. And the men, not

wishing to take his life, presented him to Kew Gardens.

Billy, being more of a gentleman, survived. He is pictured here.

UNDER a front-page heading "We Print Everything," the "New York World Telegram" carries an announcement by much-married Tommy Manville, the wealthy asbestos fortune heir, of his engagement to Barbara Allison, aged 18, of Los Angeles. If the marriage takes place, Miss Allison will be "wife No. 8" for Mr. Manville.

He gets around, that guy.

RETIRING soon is 76-year-old Dr. A. A. David, Bishop of Liverpool since 1923.

Some of Dr. David's utterances have exposed him to a good deal of criticism, as, for instance, when he urged that juvenile delinquents should be whipped as soon as possible after conviction.

"The first element in punishment must be pain," he said; "the second to make the offender feel shame."

On another occasion the Bishop suggested that there was no harm in a working man having a weekly flutter, and he urged that football pools should be taxed.

Dr. David insisted that a woman ought not to be expected to bear children to the extent of impairing her health, but condemned deliberately childless marriages.

He once invited a number of Communist leaders to a hot-pot supper and discussion in the Cathedral vestry; on another occasion he attended a boxing match and gave an address to 3,000 spectators.

The Doctor was criticised for allowing the Dean to invite Unitarian ministers to preach in the Cathedral.

He advocated founding a school for marriage, declaring that if a tenth of the time spent in preparing people for confirmation were given to preparing them for marriage, much disaster would be prevented.

THE case against kissing on the stage was championed by Sheikh Hassan Abdel Kader in a debate in the Egyptian Senate.

Complaining that stage kisses were too long and too fervent, he said: "Is it right that a woman should kiss a strange man when her husband might be in the audience? I think it is disgusting."

Tut, tut—so do I!

I HEAR that Julius Lehrenkrauss, a one-time millionaire banker and broker, who in 1934 was sent to prison on a shares charge, has died in poverty in New York.

At the time of his death, Lehrenkrauss, who was 76, was living in a cheap furnished room in New York's Brooklyn, where for 60 years his firm had been the borough's financial "pillars."

Since his release from Sing Sing in 1937 he had been working as a fire-watcher in a shipyard.

A FASCINATING showpiece in the window of an Alexandria antique shop is a 2,000-year-old mummified hawk. It was discovered in recent excavations on the site of an old burial ground, and when its wrappings were removed the bird was found to be in a wonderful state of preservation, with even its beak and feathers complete.

Ron Richards

"The Mysterious Sketch" By Emile Erckmann PART III

IT was with great difficulty that I could think clearly; but suddenly imagining that Rap, before dying, had denounced me, my legs began to tingle, and I jumped up coughing, as if the hempen cord were already tightening around my neck.

At the same moment I heard Schlüssel walking down the corridor; he opened the lock-up and told me to follow him. He was still accompanied by the two officers, so I fell into step resolutely.

We walked down long galleries, lighted at intervals by small windows from within. Behind a grating I saw the famous Jic-Jack, who was going to be executed on the morrow. He had on a straitjacket and sang out in a raucous voice, "Je suis le roi de ces montagnes."

Seeing me, he called out: "Eh! comrade! I'll keep a place for you at my right."

The two police officers and the Owl-God looked at each other and smiled, while I felt the goose-flesh creep down the whole length of my back. Schlüssel shoved me into a

"I was in Despair"

large and very dreary hall, with benches arranged in a semi-circle.

The appearance of this deserted hall, with its two high grated windows, and its Christ carved in old brown oak with His arms extended and His head sorrowfully inclined upon His shoulder, inspired me with I do not know what kind of religious fear that accorded with my actual situation.

All my ideas of false accusation disappeared, and my lips tremblingly murmured a prayer.

I had not prayed for a long time; but misfortune always brings us to thoughts of submission. Man is so little in himself!

Opposite me, on an elevated seat, two men were sitting with their backs to the light, and consequently their faces were in shadow.

However, I recognised Van Spreckdal by his aquiline profile, illuminated by an

oblique reflection from the window. The other person was fat, he had round, chubby cheeks and short hands, and he wore a robe, like Van Spreckdal.

Below was the clerk of the court, Conrad; he was writing at a low table and was tickling the tip of his ear with the feather-end of his pen. When I entered, he stopped to look at me curiously.

They made me sit down, and Van Spreckdal, raising his voice, said to me:

"Christian Vénus, where did you get this sketch?"

He showed me the nocturnal sketch which was then in his possession. It was handed to me. After examining it, I replied:

"I am the author of it."

A long silence followed. The clerk of the court, Conrad, wrote down my reply. I heard his pen scratch over the paper, and I thought, "Why did they

ask me that question? That has nothing to do with the kick I gave Rap in the back."

"You are the author of it?" asked Van Spreckdal. "What is the subject?"

"It is a subject of pure fancy?"

"You have not copied—the details from some spot?"

"No, sir; I imagined it all."

"Accused Christian," said the judge in a severe tone, "I ask you to reflect. Do not lie."

"I have spoken the truth."

"Write that down, clerk," said Van Spreckdal.

The pen scratched again.

"And this woman," continued the judge—"this woman who is being murdered at the side of the well—did you imagine her also?"

"Certainly."

"You have never seen her?"

"Never."

Van Spreckdal rose indignant, then, sitting down again, he seemed to consult his companion in a low voice.

These two dark profiles silhouetted against the brightness of the window, and the three men standing behind me, the silence in the hall—everything made me shiver.

"What do you want with me? What have I done?" I murmured.

Suddenly Van Spreckdal said to my guardians:

"You can take the prisoner back to the carriage; we will go to Metzerstrasse."

Then, addressing me: "Christian Vénus," he cried, "you are in a deplorable situation. Collect your thoughts and remember that if the law of men is inflexible, there still remains for you the mercy of God. This you can merit by confessing your crime."

These words stunned me like a blow from a hammer. I fell back with extended arms, crying, "Ah! what a terrible dream!"

And I fainted.

When I regained consciousness the carriage was rolling slowly down the street; another one preceded us. The two officers were always with me. One of them on the way offered a pinch of snuff to his companion; mechanically I reached out my hand toward the snuff-box, but he withdrew it quickly.

My cheeks reddened with shame, and I turned away my head to conceal my emotion.

"If you look outside," said

doners during the kestrel's last visit in 1938.

Standing in the Thames Embankment Gardens, they watched a kestrel swoop down past the clock of the Shell Mex building and seize one of three sparrows feeding on the grass near the path.

As it flew away, the other two sparrows rose in pursuit and harried the common enemy, but it shook them off.

The kestrel is a well-marked bird with chestnut-brown and grey plumage.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 284: Silkworm Cocoons.

QUIZ for today

1. A goby is a silly fellow, fairy, fish, flower, fruit, boat, young camel?

2. Who wrote (a) The Spanish Farm, (b) The Story of an African Farm?

Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Bicarbonate of Soda, Aspirin, Arsenic, Sugar, Salt, Saccharine?

4. Who is Sonja Henie?

5. Mention five screen stars whose names begin with G.

6. Who was Kipling's Widow of Windsor?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Loosestrife, Lubricate, Lucerne, Laverock, Literal, Litigant?

8. For what dainty is Everton famous?

9. What did Cain do for a living?

10. Who is known as the First Lady in the Land?

11. What was Moby Dick?

12. How many continents are there? Name them.

Answers to Quiz in No. 284

1. Fruit.

2. (a) J. Branch Cabell, (b) Mark Twain.

3. Eden was never Premier; others have been.

4. "Id est," or "that is."

5. Bowls.

6. Charles Lamb.

7. Merciless, Multitudinous.

8. None.

9. Anne Boleyn.

10. Elba, St. Helena.

11. Annie Laurie's.

12. John, James, Jude and Judas.

WHO'S ZOO

A MICE AND DUCKLING MENU

THE kestrels have come back to the London roofs.

These birds are rarely seen in big cities. They belong to a group of small falcons, and migrate in summer to the British Isles. Mostly they feed on mice and frogs, but they also attack other birds, particularly sparrows.

I saw one the other day alight among the pigeons on St. Paul's. He clearly made a great many hearts flutter. The pigeons edged away from him as he settled on their ledge.

This unwelcome visitor to birdland comes occasionally to London, and years may elapse between his appearances. It is a mystery what drives him here.

Once I saw a kestrel hovering high above St. James's Park. Suddenly he folded his wings and dropped to earth like a stone.

A moment later he rose again above the trees, carrying away a baby duck.

Park officials say, however, that the kestrels do not often attack other birds. There is no desire to rid the city of their presence.

What the Office of Works would like to know is where the kestrels nest. Normally they nest in rocks or old buildings, and frequently use the deserted nest of a crow.

Official opinion, based on observations that have been kept, is that they are "at home" somewhere in the Victoria Tower of the Houses of Parliament. The small Victoria Tower Gardens adjoining are one of their favourite hunting grounds.

An extraordinary incident was related by some Lon-



the man with the snuff-box, "we shall be obliged to put handcuffs on you."

"May the devil strangle you, infernal scoundrel!" I said to myself. And as the carriage now stopped, one of them made out, while the other held me by the collar; then, seeing that his comrade was ready to receive me, he pushed me rudely to him.

These infinite precautions to hold possession of my person boded no good, but I was far from predicting the seriousness of the accusation that hung over my head until an alarming circumstance opened my eyes and threw me into despair.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS—240

1. Put some poetry in RHIA to make an African country.

2. Rearrange the letters of WREN IN BUS and make a poet.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: PAST into DAYS, GOOD into LUCK, DOOR into POST, POLO into BALL.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from EXPENDITURE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 239

1. Celandine.

2. Washington.

3. RATS, CATS, CARS, CARE, PARE, PARK, PERK, PEAK, WEEK.

DEER, BEER, BENT, BENT, RENT, RUNT, HUNT.

HOUR, HOAR, BOAR, BOOR, MOOR, MOOD, GOOD, GOLD, COLD, CORD, CORE, COME, DOME, DAME, DAMS, DAYS.

SHOW, SHOT, SOOT, MOOT, MOOR, DOOR, DOER, DOES, DIES, LIES, LEES, LETS, LEGS.

4. Same, Game, Tame, Name, Mane, Meat, Mate, Item, Mite, Time, Mint, Site, Sage, Tang, Gnat, Mean, Mist, Stem, Nest, Team, Teem, Seat, Sate, Sent, Gate, Mine, etc.

Gamin, Meant, Stage, Stain, Satin, Saint, Matin, Tames, Smite, Mamma, Giant, etc.

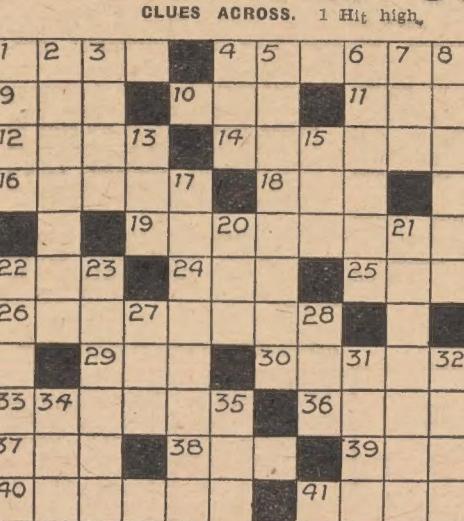
USELESS EUSTACE



"Cor! Dunno 'ow it's done, Dusty, but that's what I call service—!"

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Hit high.



4 Lighting strips.

9 Copy.

10 Beat.

11 Not a light.

12 Scottish river.

14 Country house.

16 Assistance.

18 Place of business.

22 Border.

24 Stage signal.

25 And even.

26 Trains.

29 Note of music.

30 Portable light.

33 Source.

36 Lover.

37 Boy's name.

38 Place for animals.

39 Lengthen.

40 Young bird.

41 Poetry.

BRAES SCOPE
AUTHOR HARE
TIT PITIFUL
SNIP LAPIN
MREALM BUS
AMEND PHASE
NOD MASON T
TE JIG DART
PILOTED NIL
EVIL DILATE
PETTY POSER

CLUES DOWN.

1 Whip. 2 Averse. 3 Linear Measure. 4 Sink unevenly. 5 Long-tailed bird. 6 Town on Thames. 7 Worm for bait. 8 Vaporous. 13 Tree. 15 Melody. 17 De-centralise. 20 Groove. 21 Baked food. 22 Gallant. 23 Meditating. 27 Wheel projection. 28 Cry. 31 Part of oboe. 32 Colours. 34 Beam. 35 Negative word.



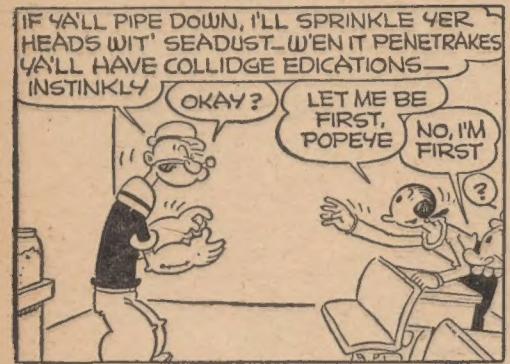
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



TOM SIMS + ZABOLY

RUGGLES

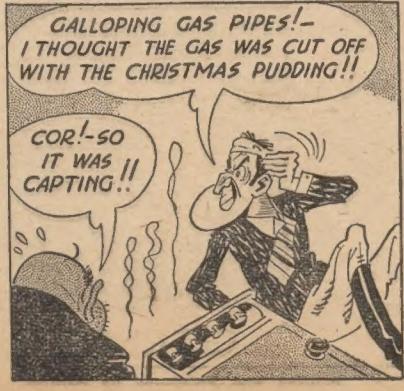
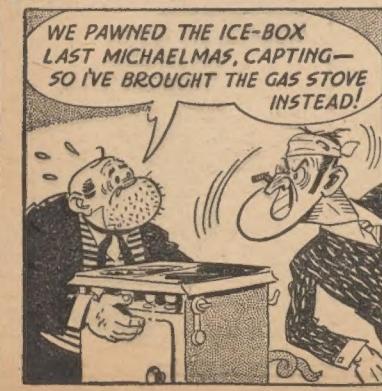


GAKIN



YES, MASTER! I HAVE LONG LOVED GALA-AND SHE LOVED ME UNTIL SHE WAS DAZZLED BY THE SON OF MOR!

JUST JAKE



OFFICIAL BEST SELLERS

By R. L. Stevens

THE British Government is now the biggest "publishing house" in Britain. Books such as "The Battle of Britain," "Bomber Command," and the "Fleet Air Arm," have had sales which the ordinary publisher must envy.

"The Battle of Britain" has been the biggest seller, in the region of 2,000,000, but "Fleet Air Arm" had a first printing of 1,000,000. And not all the Government's "best sellers" have been vividly illustrated books of entertainment like these. Figures for the Beveridge Report show sales of over a quarter of a million for the full report, which is no light reading, and over 300,000 for the shorter version.

Before the war, the Simon Report on India set up new records, but the most fantastic figures were reached by "The Highway Code."

This little book had an edition of 16,500,000 in 1935, and even the following year a regular 3,000 copies a month were being demanded.

The huge figures were partly due to some local authorities using the handbook as an educational "text-book." Cheshire educational authorities alone bought 28,000 copies.

To find a Government publication selling in larger numbers we have to go to Russia.

Here the huge population and the great interest in politics have combined with the drive for literacy to produce some fantastic figures.

In 1937, 45,000,000 copies of the "Stalin Constitution" were purchased by the public. During the period of the election 100,000,000 copies of six pamphlets were bought. Second only to the sale of the Constitution was that of a pamphlet containing Stalin's speech in November, 1936, on the Constitution. In all, 25,000,000 copies were sold.

REVOLUTIONARY MILLIONS.

Best-sellers in the U.S.S.R. are books by "revolutionary" leaders.

In the last twenty-one years, copies of the books of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin have sold to the tune of 395,400,000 copies, or roughly two to each man, woman and child!

But other authors have surprising sales. Our own Charles Dickens, for instance, has been bought to the extent of 2,000,000 copies in twenty years.

It is doubtful whether any translation of a Russian book has sold comparably in England. Pushkin, whose works enjoy a sale of 3,000,000 copies a year in Russia, is little known here. Chekhov is probably the Russian best-seller in English. The U.S.S.R. have published about 15,000,000 copies of his works. Gorky has sold 40,000,000.

Another best-seller is Saltykov-Shchedrin, whose name is not even known to the average Englishman.

Best-seller all over the world, year in and year out, is the Bible. It has had that position for many years, and is likely to keep it.

In Britain, over the course of years, the "runner-up" was the "Pilgrim's Progress." There are few British homes where copies of these two books are not found.

In an average year it was calculated that 10,970,000 copies of the Bible were published in 692 different languages. The British and Foreign Bible Society in London has 19,000 different editions in its library, including Braille editions in over 40 languages.

The Bible is just over three-quarters of a million words—the equivalent in length of seven to ten modern novels. It has been published in an edition as small as two inches by two, and another edition is in thirty small volumes.

IN HIS STEPS.

Here are the sales of some other, perhaps surprising, best-sellers.

Have you ever heard of Dr. Charles M. Sheldon? Probably not. But when he wrote "In His Steps" he produced a best-seller which has had sales no other author has known in the same short time.

In English alone 20,000,000 copies have been sold.

The sales of "Mein Kampf" had reached 2,000,000 before the war and been translated into 14 languages.

A similar sale has been made of a very different book—Hall and Knights' text-book on algebra, used in so many schools! School text-books, indeed, make sales every year exceeding those of many best-selling novelists.

Sir William Smith in the last century compiled a classical dictionary and various other books widely used in schools. Their sales ran into millions, and are said to have made £500,000 for their publisher.

What do modern "best-sellers" reach?

"The Good Companions" exceeded half a million, and this is about the figure a best-seller can hope for in a normal Britain.

America, with its larger population, buys more copies. That curious book, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," sold 1,400,000 copies. "See Here, Private Hargrove," has sold over one and a half millions. "One World," by Wendell Willkie, in various forms, has sold over 1,000,000.

Some authors never turn out a single "best-seller" that hits these figures, but enjoy steady sales of many books which reach a huge total. Kipling's works, for instance, have sold about 3,000,000 copies.

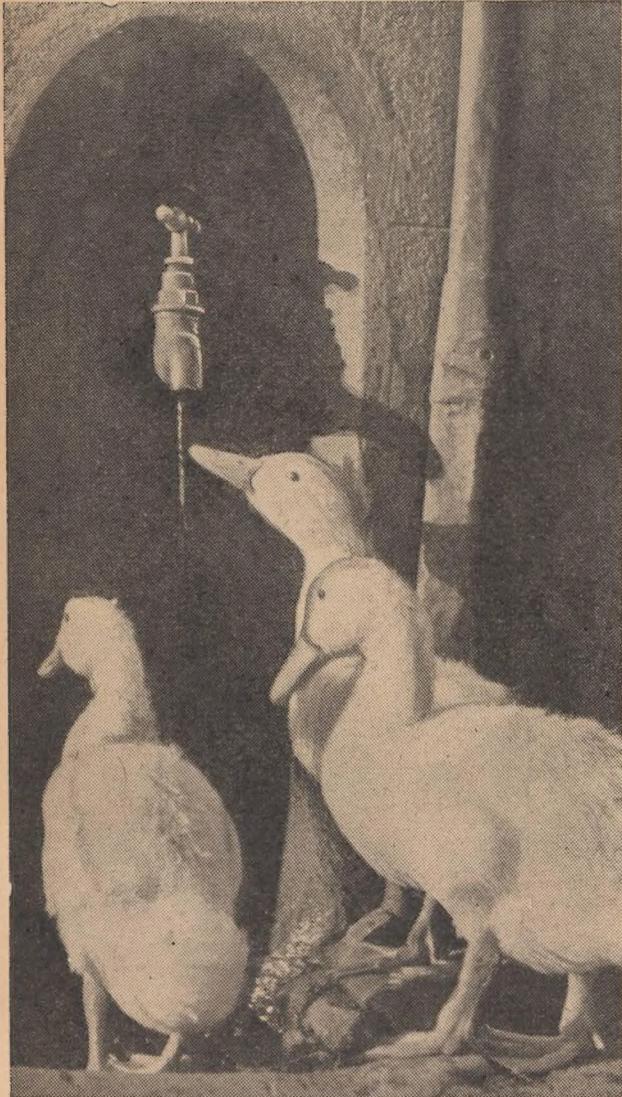
Not many people under thirty have read "Freckles." That single novel by Gene Stratton Porter sold 3,000,000 copies—and then was forgotten.

**Good
Morning**



This Wales

Rounding up the sheep for shearing. A scene on a farm near Dinas Mawddwy, Wales.



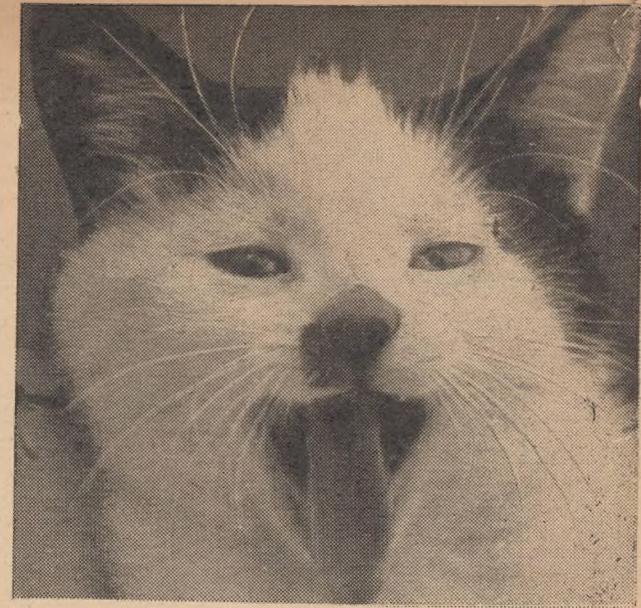
LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

"But if that's all we're going to get, our chance of even a swim looks pretty remote."

*I Hear
You
Calling Me? *



GETTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER ON THE MATTER



"Sorry, madam, but, judging by the colour of your tongue, your stomach is decidedly out of order."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Something 'fishy,' no doubt."

